

A DEAF MAN'S EXPERIENCES READS LIKE A GHOST STORY

Trustworthy Writer's Narrative That Out-Poe Tales of Strange Spectres.

CORNET AND MYSTERIOUS THUMPS ARE DISTINCTLY HEARD AT INTERVALS

(Written for The Sunday Times.)

Experiences of a deaf man, that read like a weird ghost story, are told by a reliable gentleman writing for The Sunday Times. Some may wonder if his narrative is the result of imagination. The writer says they are not, and he is a trustworthy gentleman. His narrative is given below:

A great many times during the sixteen years which I have passed among the deaf mutes, when fellow-deaf-mute brethren and "sisters" have commented on the pithy of losing one's hearing at the age of seventeen years, "I have wondered why a person born deaf and dumb should waste any sympathy on one who spent seventeen years with his senses intact."

As I look at it, the many years spent as a hearing child-boy and youth—offset a great deal of the trials of total deafness during the rest of one's life. But my deaf-mute fellows have argued to the contrary. They consider themselves more fortunate. Never having known the beauties of music, the delights of oral conversation and all the blessings that perfect hearing brings about, of course, they miss nothing.

Sometimes I see it in that light and again I don't. It's better to have heard for seventeen years and lost hearing than never to have heard at all.

There is much that might be said on both sides, but there is one phase of losing one's hearing late in life that the congenial deaf person knows nothing of. Some of my personal experience may not be uninteresting.

SOUNDS CAME BACK DISTINCTLY.

Three days before the illness came that ended in my finding myself frater with some of the most congenial people on the face of the earth, I attended one of Gillmore's Band concerts, at Gillmore's (now Madison Square) Garden, New York city. A feature of the programme was the rendering of a cornet solo by Levy, one of the greatest cornet virtuosos that ever lived. For an encore he gave "Way Down Upon the Swannee River," with intricate variations.

After I had been deaf fully a year, while idling in a hammock just as night fell, I was startled by "hearing" this cornet solo repeated, even to the variations, as distinctly as a year previous. Some one came up and the music(?) stopped.

Of course, it was all imagination—but what delightful imagination! Another year elapsed. I was in a dentist's chair, and, under the influence of nitrous oxide gas, that solo came to me again, only to have the stern reality brought back when I returned to consciousness in the chair and saw the knight of the forceps going round and round the ceiling, windows and myself keeping him company.

Two years more elapsed, and, while trying to sleep in the stuffy upper berth of a sound steamer, again the silliness of the deafened ear is broken by the rhythmic musical cadence of "Way Down Upon the Swannee River," with rhythmic variation seemingly as distinct as the original. It is repeated again and again and then dies out in the middle of the bar as mysterious as it began, to be repeated two, three or four years afterwards.

Is it all imagination? It cannot be brought on at will!

A MYSTERY SO FAR UNEXPLAINED.

Is there a mysterious ghost of the past "that lingers on the scene to weave about us a spell brought on by weirdly entrancing reminiscences"? No one who knows me will accuse me of being superstitious. Never before have I spoken fully a dozen times in nearly two-score years.

Like many others, I am "stone deaf." Not a vestige of hearing remains. But the Swannee River?

Were I a singer I could accompany the mystic cornet with the accuracy and precision of a Patti. I firmly believe. The sound is not loud.

I am not in a building with all the acoustic properties that go to making the music clear and loud.

It seems as if I were sitting alone on the shores of the ocean—a quarter of a mile back on the bluff—the expert manipulator of the B flat cornet, without warning, starts. Sometimes it is repeated half a dozen times. Again the spell is broken after the first three bars. No will-power, seemingly, no imagination, can bring it back. I must wait months, years, and then clear, distinct as ever, the weird music is heard again.

Delightful, uncanny experience, isn't it?

Again, another and totally different: I am alone. The house, except for my presence, is deserted. The children and their mother are in the country. Business keeps me at home. I retire early, first making sure that every door and window is secured. I lay me down to rest.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Three distinct "knocks."

I am up in a second.

Dear me! Who can it be that wants me at midnight? Must be the policeman on the beat, or a fire, perhaps!

Up goes the front window. It's not very dark. There is no one at the front door.

LIKE SOME STRANGE GHOST.

I go to one of the rear rooms. Up goes a rear window. I look out; no one there! I await developments and finally conclude it was only a noise made by some one "next door," and again seek my couch. Fifteen minutes pass. Imagination paints pictures of masked things passing up and down the door, into the next room, my room. Bureaus are opened, closets ransacked, and still I lie like one in a trance, and thump! thump!

There must be some one down stairs. I hurriedly dress and go down, light the gas in every room. All is quiet; nothing has moved but the pendulum of the clock on the dining-room mantel, and the hands indicate two-fifteen, and I retired before midnight.

The reveries of a deaf man outdo like Marvel's and out-Poe the unaccounted tales of grim specters of ravens and the that cast the shadows on the floor and before and after.

NEWS OF HORSES AND HORSEMEN

Searchlight and Grey Cap Big Prize Winners.

ROBERT WADDELL, SON OF ALOHA

This Great Three-Year-Old Breaks Down at

Chicago—May Race No More—At

Black Forest Farm—Mr.

Gwathmey's Stable.

(Written for The Sunday Times.)

Of the Virginia bred hunters and jumpers, exhibited at the different Horse Shows this season, none were more successful than the two handsome geldings, Searchlight and Grey Cap, owned and exhibited by Mr. and Mrs. James K. Maddux, of Warrenton, Va. Both horses were sired by Torchlight, the son of Imp, Rayon D'Or and were developed and brought out by Mr. Maddux. They were winners at Upperville in June and ending at the Richmond Horse Show, last month, these clever sons of Torchlight are credited with winnings that foot up the nice sum of sixteen hundred dollars in money and three hundred and eleven dollars in cups, saddles, etc. These well known and popular prize winners, along with others of the stable, have gone into winter quarters at Neptune Lodge, the beautiful country home of Mr. and Mrs. Maddux, near Warrenton. Recent additions to the Neptune Lodge stable include a couple of youngsters of high form and finish, in color chestnut and white, both by Torchlight, and bearing the euphonious names, selected by Mrs. Maddux, of Gold Flame and Shining Light.

Among the highest improved estates near Norfolk is Black Forest Farm, with its six hundred acres of fine land, five miles south from town, and owned by Mr. A. L. McClellan, vice-president of the McClellan-McClellan Live Stock Company, a concern that figures among the largest commission dealers in horses in the South.

Mr. McClellan resides in Norfolk and puts in most of his time at the Union Stock Yards, but makes almost daily trips to Black Forest and superintends affairs there. Different improved breeds of cattle, Berkshire hogs, Southdown sheep and bronze turkeys, are bred in

larger numbers, and the fertile acres yield abundant sustenance, but road and trotting horses are more to the liking of Mr. McClellan and he has some good ones there. The principal stallions are David Harum, a rich bay four years old, by Director, 2:17 1-4, dam Valley Queen, sister to Red Girl, 2:22 1-4, by Red Wilkes, second dam Valley Girl, 2:30, by Walkid Chief, third dam the great brood mare Madame Scuteller, dam of Dick Swiveler, 2:18, and Lysander Chief. With very limited handling this colt has trotted trials close to 2:30, and with further de-

velopement gives promise of making a fast horse. Among others, as well bred owned at Black Forest are the handsome chestnut filly Norva, three years old, by Red Wilkes, dam Frankie Lyons, by Mambino Patchen.

A drop of forty degrees in twenty-four hours left the weather decidedly wintry on Monday, November 11th, at Lake Park, Chicago, when there was an abundance of quantity, but not much quality to mark the racing. The race to attract special attention was the mile and a sixteenth, with Searcher a 1 to 2 favorite, and "Pa" Bradley's two-year-old, Virginia bred gelding, Miracle, at 4 to 1. The latter carried only 14 pounds, with midge Knap in the saddle. With such a feather on his back, the youngster was never headed, and won handily by two lengths, Searcher six lengths before Valdez.

The fact that Robert Waddell was to start for the first time in months helped to attract a big crowd to the track on Tuesday, albeit wintry blasts from the lakes were strongly in evidence. The American Derby winner had only four contenders, and as owner Bradley said his pet was in good condition, the latter was made an odds-on favorite, with Telamon second choice.

Waddell looked all right in his warm-up gallop, and his backers needed only the assurance of a capable and vigorous rider. But that sort of ride they did not witness, for Seaton made a mess of it from first to last. He got pecked time and again, and then when it was too late he came with quite a burst of speed in the stretch, only to be beaten out by W. J. Deboe and Telamon in a close finish. With a capable ride Waddell could not have lost.

Outside of the feature event, with Robert Waddell as one of three starters, and the distance a mile and three furlongs, Wednesday's card was barely fair to middling. The Bradley gelding ran such a creditable race on the preceding day, even with a sponchy ride, that he was made an equal favorite with Searcher.

For a few days Waddell was in a pretty bad way, with the injured shoulder swollen to an abnormal size, while he appeared to suffer a good deal. Bradley was urged to have an examination by Dr. X-ray, but he would not hear of it, saying he wanted no new-fangled treatment. Liberal hot-water applications have reduced the shoulder swelling some, and to-day the gelding showed signs of improvement, as he is able to lie down again, but it is not yet known where the exact trouble is. It has not been located, but it is of such a nature as to suggest that Waddell will hardly ever face the flag again. I suppose a skilled veterinarian could throw light on the real nature of the accident, but it seems the opportunity will not be afforded—Broad Church, in Spirit of the Times.

A former Richmonder, Mr. A. B. Gwathmey, now of the Cotton Exchange, New York, has recently purchased from parties there the fast bay gelding Tudor Chimes, 2:18, by Chimes, dam Lavender, by Mambino King, and will drive him to pole with the noted Speedway performer Tiverton, 2:23 1-4, by Galileo Rex, dam Polly, by Arragon. Tudor Chimes was second to Bay Star in 2:26 in a race at Empire City Park, his time in the past being 2:28 1-4, and can show two-minute gait, but at that Tiverton can carry him to a break, so great is his flight of speed by the Galileo Rex gelding. In addition to this, Mr. Gwathmey's city stables shelter that great mare Louise Mac, 2:29 3-4, who has gone a mile in 2:06 more than once and has been timed a half in 1:03, and the fast green mare Sallent, by Vicksburg, dam Sallina, by General Washington, the son of General Knox and famous Lady Thorn, 2:18.

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mens averaged at public auction \$1,000 half a dozen years ago. The smaller figures have been recently obtained under the hammer. To-day at Mr. Fairfax's farm the demand for mature stock is constant, the fact being well understood that Mr. Fairfax, like several of the reputable hackney breeders, aims to produce the well-mannered, docile, generally useful, as distinguished from the merely sensational horse.—A. H. Godfrey, in Turf, Field and Farm.

Blood-like and highly formed is the chestnut filly Princess Dawn, foal of 1891, bred and owned by the Hon. William R. McKenney, of Petersburg, Va. She was sired by Daybreak, the thoroughbred son of Imp, Rossington and Earlylight, by Longfellow, dam the well known pacer mare Princess Eulalie, 2:17 1-4, a chestnut daughter of Prince Belmont and Sea Gift. Sea Gift was sired by Red Jacket, son of Messenger Duroc, dam Ocean Wave, by Storm, the thoroughbred son of a second dam by Red Eye, the son of Boston. Princess Dawn will be reserved for a brood mare, and mated with a trotting sire capable of controlling action she should produce fast and enduring light harness race horses.

Joseph F. Staton, who had out and raced with success during the present season that high-class race horse Eloroy, 2:17 1-4, by Simmons, and other good ones, is now with the McClellan-McClellan Live Stock Company, of the Union Stock Yards, Norfolk, Va., where they have in winter quarters Marian Craig, 2:25 1-4, by Nuthurst, dam the great brood mare Mistake, 2:29 1-4, by Marshall Kleber; Sweetwood, bay horse, pacer, by King Nutwood, dam by Sweetcakes; David Harum, colt, by Director, dam Valley Queen, by Red Wilkes, and Norva, chestnut filly, 3, by Red Wilkes, dam Frankie Lyons, by Mambino Patchen.

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I note what you say about the lighting of the Auditorium, from the directors of the architects. I guessed the light to be a gray, evenly diffused one, the sky-light being some distance away,

LOSING TIME.



Boss Bricklayer—What are you coming down for? It ain't noon yet!—Der Dorfbarbier.

while 7 to 1 was quoted against Frankish.

For a full mile it was simply a two-horse race, the two three-year-olds running lapped for that distance. Then Waddell forged slightly ahead, and a lusty cry went forth: "Waddell wins! Waddell wins!" This was suddenly changed into a startling surprise, for in less than a second the son of Aloban and Virgie was seen to falter, and in a few more strides he came to a standstill, apparently helplessly broken down. Seaton at once dismounted, and his mount was slowly led to the paddock, hobbling along on three legs and resting for relief now and then. It was a pitiable sight, sure enough, to see the once great three-year-old and winner of classic events now a helpless cripple with a sympathizing crowd around the fallen and suffering idol. After the mishap to Waddell, Searcher went on and won in a common romp.

I am inclined to think that the noted Virginia-bred gelding, not many months since the premier three-year-old of the country, with sensational victories to his credit, will never run another race. The brief story of his two defeats during the week and break-down in his second essay will be found elsewhere. The first of the two struggles he would have won but for an incompetent jockey, and in the other he looked all over a winner, when the sudden collapse came.

On account of a bad case of quarter-crack, he had not started in over ten weeks, and it was only a few weeks ago when owner Bradley consented to give him light work. Subsequently he showed mild improvement right along.

Mr. Bradley thought him quite fit to race when he started him on Tuesday. He performed about as well as could be expected, but the bad ride continued, and next day, in company with Bradley's peculiar racing methods, he was sent to the post again. The gelding did all that could have been expected of him for the first mile, when the breakdown occurred. He was just able to hobble to the paddock, and afterwards to his stall, when an examination showed that the gelding's right shoulder had been badly wrenched, while the former split hoof, on the left leg, was in no way affected. It could not then be determined whether any bone had been broken.

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